

Hilton Talk, Fol Dix

1943

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# TILTON TALK

Edited and Published semi-monthly for and by the personnel of Tilton General Hospital, Fort Dix, New Jersey, under the joint supervision of the Special Service and the Public Relations Offices.

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Contributions are earnestly solicited.

# Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving Day, 1943, once again gives us an opportunity to re-evaluate the reason for celebrating this season each year. In the years which have passed since this truly American institution was originated, the ideas behind its founding have often been obscured and frequently lost altogether. In the beginning, the day was celebrated by the pilgrims because they were giving thanks for a bountiful harvest, the fruits of their hard labor in the good earth. That was the simple thought which epitomized Thanksgiving Day.

Today, the thought should be the same. Today we have more to be thankful for than most because we still maintain the essentials of our free institutions.

Cpl. Robert L. Geiger

## WORDS ARE DYNAMITE!

More thought, less talk is a maxim we may very well take to heart. If any one of us, in or out of uniform, reveals military information, that person may help to prolong the war and endanger the lives of our fighting men.

If you're a soldier or a war worker, don't talk about troop movements, units, locations, equipment, strength, shipments. If you happen to overhear any military information, don't repeat it.

We know it's not easy to keep quiet when you feel like telling it to a gal, or a pal. But weigh your words against the balance of lives----and be certain you're not found wanting. Let us insure final victory in every way we can. Let us help safeguard the lives of our fighting men. Let us THINK before we TALK!!

## MILITARY COURTESY

"Courtesy is shown to all. It is just as important to be courteous to juniors as seniors. The courtesy rendered a leader by his subordinates is rendered to the responsible position he holds. It expresses an appreciation of the importance of his contributions to the group effort."

FM 21-50.



# SILVER STAR AWARDED TO TWO PATIENTS BY COL. TURNBULL

BY CPL. ROBERT L. GEIGER

Colonel S. Jay Turnbull, Commanding Officer, 1257 SCSU, Tilton General Hospital, Fort Dix, New Jersey, last week presented the Silver Star, the Army's fourth highest award, for gallantry in action to Pvt. Edwin C. Hylton, Ward 10, and Cpl. George Thomas, Ward 5. The ceremony was a brief but impressive one and took place before an audience composed of officers, nurses, enlisted men, and patients in the Patients' Recreation Hall. Lt. Col. Henry A. Cotton Jr., Executive Officer, assisted Col. Turnbull in the presentation.

As members of the Ninth Division in Tunisia, during the North African campaign, these men took part in heavy fighting against the Germans. Cpl. Thomas, of Westfield, New Jersey, volunteered for a combat patrol, last Spring, in the region of Maknassy, Tunisia, to silence an enemy machine gun which was firing into our troops from an outpost. He not only succeeded in silencing the machine gun but assisted in driving out the enemy outpost, capturing the machine gun and returning to his base.

Pvt. Hylton, of New York City, received his award as a result of action last Spring in Tunisia when a strong attack was attempted by the Germans through a sector held by Pvt. Hylton's company. This attack was preceded by heavy mortar and artillery fire for 50 minutes and was culminated in the use of hand, demolition, and "bouncing" grenades, and the "potato masher," strongly supported by automatic weapons. The fury and shock of the attack caused a brief penetration of the line. Pvt. Hylton, helped by eight other men under the command of a private, repelled the attack and drove the Germans back over the hill, thus closing the gap in the line and enabling his company to reorganize and counterattack. This position was held by these eight men until relief that night.

Pvt. Hylton and Cpl. Thomas were later wounded and returned to the United States via hospital ship. They arrived at Tilton in June, 1943.

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## TILTON TRAINING PROGRAM

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The refresher training program which was undertaken by the Medical Detachment under Capt. Rubin R. Miller's Plans and Training Office, will last 13 weeks and consists of 4 hours of training per week apart from regular duty in the hospitals and offices. Company "A" goes out on Tuesdays; Company "B" on Thursdays.

The idea of the training "refresher" has been sponsored by Maj. Gen. Thomas A. Terry, Commanding General, Second Service Command. Here at Tilton it is now being carried out with success. Lt. Harry A. Yeaton, assistant to Capt. Miller, is directly in charge of the program.

Training is divided in the following manner: two hours of close order drill and two hours of classes, the subjects of which range from Sanitation to Ward Management and from Chemical Warfare to Map Reading. The lectures are given by various officers of the MDRP.





# A. N. C.

O. 2<sup>nd</sup> LT. MARY GRIERSON

Our private investigator went a-visiting over at the 90<sup>th</sup> General Nurses' Quarters recently, and is pleased to report that the gang there from Tilton seems happy and well-adjusted to the new life. They are proud of their outfit and are working hard to make it "the best." One asked, "How is everything at home?", so you see, they have not forgotten Tilton, and almost any night, one or two of them are seen in their old haunts around TGH.

90<sup>th</sup> T.G.H.



Here are the new nurses who have come to TGH this month. Look them up and get acquainted. 2nd Lts. Elizabeth R. Crawford, Florence E. Keymen, Agnes S. Sabia, Erica Schmidt, Mary R. Sparrow, Mildred Hus-tek, Fannie Hagen, and Zuzanna Kuelinski.

One of the nurses who "survived" the road march last week has written a very vivid "blow-by-blow" description for us. She begins by reading the bulletin board in the Nurses' Mess on Nov. 7. Here goes:

SUNDAY: Class schedule for the week posted....thought it looked odd from a distance. Was convinced of it when I got a good look. No class Tuesday...instead a short walk of about eight miles. I retreat muttering words of encouragement to a slightly (??) shaken morale and self assurance. I mean...what's eight miles after all?

MONDAY: Today's group to start. They're afraid they won't make it. We're (Tuesday's group) afraid they will. Oh, well...eight miles, that's not so far. Spent the evening getting in and out of my gas mask...Looked in a mirror once when I had it on and nearly scared myself to death. I always say, some things are better left unseen

TUESDAY: 1 PM arrives. Quarters are a veritable beehive of activity. "What are you wearing?" "Can I borrow" and so on. Finally the drill field...not two alike...every outfit imaginable represented...even a bright red sweater. Wonder what that represents? Fall in! The pool officers look dubious; I feel it. A slight pep talk by Lt. Yeaton...such optimism should not go unrewarded. We're off (off the beat mostly). Close order, march!, he says, until we reach the highway, then staggered. I wonder how he means that. Out on the highway, they pick road guards. Sounds impressive, but don't let it fool you...It's just an old army game to keep those long legs running back and forth so they won't trample the shorter people en route. Went between head and rear of the column. So, I began to feel like a shuttle, when a whistle (dimly, way back this morning at 6:45 or thereabouts, I remember reading something about one whistle meaning disperse, two gas, or maybe it was the other way around?). It's a cinch, though, the way he's blowing that whistle, he's got something on his mind. So in and out of two or three ditches, over a hill, and throw myself flat in what I hope is the correct and effective manner. It's effective all right but not in quite the way that I had intended. Someone bellows---I raise my head gingerly. Yes, it still moves. "Keep your head down." In my enthusiasm to obey the command, I bury my face in about 6 inches of New Jersey soil. I'm beginning to enjoy it here prone, so he blows the whistle and we fall in. Plenty of time passes but no territory. They told us that we'd rest every 45 minutes. I'd like to recommend a good jeweler to the person doing the timing. He needs one. Finally--rest! What it really amounts to is a deep-knee bend with time out for a breath at the bottom. What? Do I have blisters? How can I tell. I'm not even sure that I have feet.

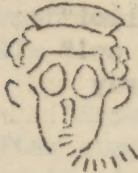


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## ANC Continued:

Fall in! If I had a bed, I'd show him how I can take commands. I'm not tired, I'm dead. On again before I can barely get under way. Another whistle...can't fool me this time. Gas. It's the only thing left that we haven't done. Mask on finally. Time passes. Masks off, but only after you've scrambled around the ground imitating a dog after a bone. More marching and it rains, but who cares? Who can feel? I'm convinced this will last forever when Tilton comes in view. Heaven must be something like this. "Close order, march!" Is he kidding? I can barely stagger, much less march. I'll try, bloody but unbowed, that's me. Past Co. D. Dogs bark. Even they recognize us--mere shadows of our former selves. Dimly I hear a sound like that of angels. "Company dismissed." I try not to appear too anxious. It must be a trick. But it isn't, which all goes to prove that miracles can happen. Somewhere in the distance I hear "and next time we'll go ten miles." People are never satisfied, says I.....This sure is the Army!



## — TILTONIA —

### MAJOR J. R. BALDES

Major John R. Baldes, TGH Adjutant, has left for Ft Leavenworth, Kansas for a course of instruction at the Command and General Staff School. We wish Major Baldes godspeed and lots of luck!

### WELCOME! WELCOME!

TT extends the warm hand of greetings to the officers, nurses, and soldiers who have recently joined us. May your stay at TGH be a pleasant one.

### "JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS"

As we go to press, a number of our Detach. men have left. We are going to miss the boys--especially the 'old' ones - like S/Sgt. Dan Troiani and T3g Volkert Wiersma. They have been here since the early days, and have made many friends. We are sure they will carry with them pleasant memories of their 'alma mater'. Good luck, fellas!

### CALLING ALL DANCERS

There is a little surprise in store for all at the Detach dinner-party which will be held next Thrs. night, Capt. Jack Messey, Det. CO, CO, is sponsoring a dancin' contest after dinner. Well, the "jitterbugs" will have ample opportunity to 'strut' their stuff, and then those



with more conservative tastes will exhibit a little ballroom dancing. Prizes which promise to be somethin' SPECIAL - will be given for both 'styles'.

### THE WINNAH!!!!

Tilton's basketball squad met defeat in its first game of the Fort Dix league last Monday night when it went down 22-18 to 522nd QM. The boys made a very creditable showing, however, and had some of the breaks gone their way, they would have won. Next game is with the Reception Center, Friday night 9 PM at the Arena. Let's go TGH!!

### ACTION !\*!



TT IS your publication, and you- you- and you- should submit anything you consider worthy of some one else's readin' time. Think it over- write it down- and send it to us. N\*O\*W\*!\*\*\*\*

### AT RANDOM

TGH most colorful pajamas belong to Pfc Leonard Lee, MP, of Bks 5... - they are as 'LOUD' as his bugle. Pfc Ed McLean, fastest dresser of Bks one...



# Tiltonian

# Verse

## BELoved PRINCESS MINE

The sunshine is your lovely smile  
Your cool eyes do my heart beguile  
Your hair is the gold of heaven's light  
To all this beauty, my troth, do I plight.

Oft in dreams do I see your face  
Its contours delicate as lace  
It beckons to me in most becoming way  
So goddess-like, my heart could not but  
kneel to pray--

I think me now, the words of my mind  
Were meant to be naught but ever kind  
How could I then call you, "Beloved  
Princess Mine!"

When you are blessed divinity, and  
my soul is thine.

'Tis sad indeed that the ugly beast of  
war

Doth pierce my being like a merciless  
bore

And keeps you afar from my beating heart  
Which in longing is ceaselessly torn  
apart.

But surely as the day comes after night  
And good o'er evil e'er maintains its  
might

Surely will I speed to your sacred shrine  
When duty can no longer keep your heart  
from mine.

-M/Sgt. Sam Sasanow

## LOW MOON

The moon seems rather low tonight  
It does not cast that mellow light  
When as of old we two were one,  
'Twas just before this war'd begun.

Did I say Mr. Moon was low?  
Mayhap-'tis I who need a glow!  
Perhaps the sun, perhaps your smile  
Will fix things up for just a while.

Just see that moon! It's bright and yet  
It frowns and says, "Just don't forget.  
Things will again be as of yore,  
We'll soon show all a winning score."

So, then, my dear, 'twill be real soon,  
We'll see that yellow, mellow moon  
Smile down on us and say, "Hello!"  
You waited? Well, I told you so!"

-Sgt. John E. Bray

## UN-REMEMBERED SOLDIER

They all speak about the Air Corps,  
And the slogging In-fant-ree;  
The Tank Corps and the Paratroops,  
And the tough Artillery.  
But the guy they never mention  
Is the guy behind the Luer  
Who measures out the Quinine  
And the CC's strong and pure.

The Infantry in danger  
Can lie in the grass and hide;  
The Cavalry in peril  
Can spur the horse and ride.  
But with litters out in No Man's Land  
M.D. fellers are in God's hand,  
For when a patient's on a litter,  
The men carrying it must stand.

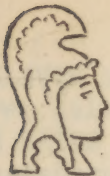
Now who's a blasted hero--  
A Medical Department Man?  
If you'd call him one, he'd sock you,  
Jam a fist right in your pan.  
When a wounded man has got to be  
Brought in for real repairs,  
The M.D. man's the one to send  
Cause he's the one who cares.

They laud the gallant Navy  
And the Marines on far-off shores  
They toast the Filipino Scouts  
Q.M. and the Signal Corps.  
But the guy they never mention  
Is the guy on the firing line  
Who binds the wounds and cheers the sick  
And dabs the Iodine.

When the Infantry's advancing,  
When the dog-fight's in the sky,  
The M.D.'s there on foot or wing  
With an equal chance to die.  
Where any troops are under fire,  
The M.D.'s right along.

-Anonymous





# INTRODUCING THE WAC

BY J.S.

PVT. HELEN LO BELLO: This is the story as 'twas told to me: In a little town called Owego (A-wah-gae) located in Southern New York State, a dutchman by the name of Brown once married a Shenandoah Indian maiden. During the course of their married life they had three children. This is where Helen made her debut.

"Brownie" as Helen is often called was reared in that small town, and soon after completing high school she married and lived in Syracuse, N. Y. Because she had the 'yen' to travel, she made it her business to tour America's sunny-southland, and finally ventured as far West as Chicago. She stayed in Chicago for almost a year, and it was in the windy city that she decided to undertake a military career.

Her Army life is still in the incubation stage, for she was sent to TGH soon after completing basic training at Ft. Devens, Mass. She is quite enthusiastic about the Army, and takes great pride in wearing the uniform of the Army of the United States.

PFC ANNE MARIE DION: "Little but mighty"-is a phrase well suited to this girl! She is an exacting stenographer, formerly being a court-stenographer, and secretary to a district court judge. Anne has also worked as secretary to a political campaign manager, and now, just to add to her working versatility, is in the process of becoming a medical secretary. Since her arrival at TGH from Ft. Devens, Mass., she has worked as secretary to Captain Cecil Miller, in the Registrar's Office, and now is secretary to Lt. Col. Alexander Miller.



In civilian life Anne was an enthusiastic traveler, and managed to see the whole U.S.A., plus Cuba and Bermuda. She is not the only patriot in her family for she has a brother who is an Aviation Cadet, and has hopes of becoming an officer in December. She is very happily engaged to a sergeant and plans to be married in the near future.

"Mickey" (to her friends) comes from North Adams, Mass.

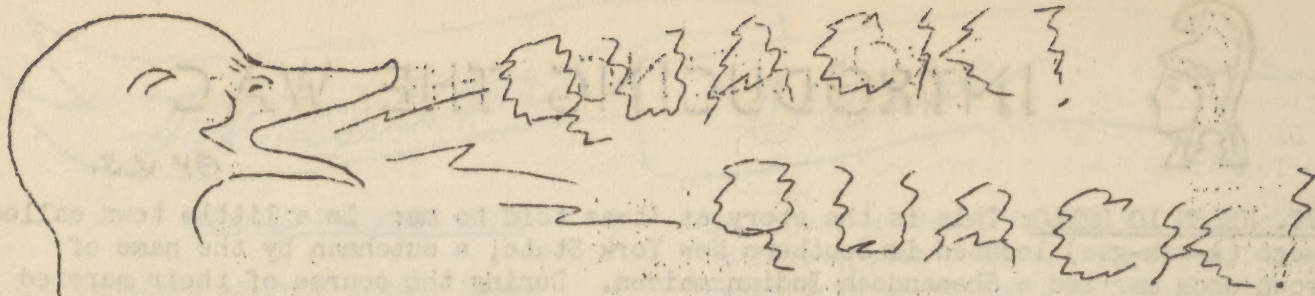
PVT. CHARLOTTE BRIENER: The dark-eyed WAC working on the "Graveyard Shift" at the Receiving and Disposition Office of TGH is Private C.B. This young lady helps keep the Information Desk in a whirl of activity!

Aside from pursuing a military career for the duration, she has some very definite ideas about what the future is going to hold for her. She often refers to the fact that she is going to have a home and a family. Charlotte is a bountiful source of amusement to all who know her, for she enjoys looking glum, and then announcing, "Oh! I am so happy."

Charlotte was born in Chicago, Illinois. When she was 11 years of age her family took a trip to Europe, and after touring the continent left their two children in a small girl's school in Italy called Udine. She was a student there for two years.

Prior to joining the Army, Charlotte worked at Duncan Field, San Antonio, Texas.





Saturday, October 30th, Halloween came to Tilton and everybody joined in the fun making. There were angels, indians, bunnies, Wacs, wolves and, in fact, just anything you'd want to mention. The Club was beautifully decorated with fall leaves, jack-o-lanterns, and corn stalks by MARTY HEALY and staff. There was a regular Midway with wheels of chance for prizes and of course the one-armed friends.

The main event of the evening was the show, "Buttocks and Blalocks" put on by the Staff with the able assistance of the Army Nurse Corps. There were professional costumes from New York, but the acts were strictly original depicting the present activities of those who have left Tilton for other climes - a travelogue with off-stage prose by SEYMOUR KATZ. Remember the Pogo Pogo number with all the cast in grass skirts and flowing wigs - WEINTRAUB, WETZEL, WEITZ, FITZGERALD, DUNLAP and FERRARI? What a bevy of lucious gals, what curves, and could they wiggle! Will you ever forget the Professor RUBIN MILLER as "Ally-Oop", complete with wig, leopard skin and club? The nurses did a swell job with "Tilton Totin' Tillie" -



"Oh, when we came to Tilton  
Nursing was our job  
We went to bed each night at eight  
Just fresh right off the cob.

But then the wolves came round us  
And thought we'd learn their stuff  
So hear our tale of woe, my friends  
Here's why we've had enough etc."



Great assistance was given to this number by the Staff as hill billys complete with little brown jugs, sweet potatoes, and one Chick Sale., some of those original verses were not bad, gals!... MERT FLANDERS, ELI EICHELBERGER and JACK BERK did a professional piece of acting in the photographer's skit, but just what did you see JACKSON? The prize skit of the evening, however, was that put on in honor of those doctors who were left behind at Tilton to carry on the administration - COTTON, MILLER, HANNA, and PRESS, ably portrayed by HEALY, in high silk hat, monocle and cane, KATZ with Sherlock Holmes hat, and fly swatter, FLANDERS with cook's hat, cooking pan ladle, and JOHNSON with ledger, file, and green eye shield. The song they sang was certainly clever and sure hit home. The entire skit was written by Lt. CRANE of the MDRP and sure smacked of the professional. The finale was very clever being a Carmen Miranda number with HEALY as Carmen and a line of Conga dancers behind her. At the end of the first chorus those on the stage jumped down into the audience and grabbed a partner which they took back on the stage. What a mob! OMY PROSMITZ was present and turned out to be a professional magician who did everything except make LATIMERS Lieutenant bars change to Captain!



Prizes (and what prizes) were awarded from the stage during the evening and some of them were: the most original went to our gals of the Personnel Office, KATHERINE RYAN and DOLORES FREY as Scotch and Soda respectively. No one knew who they were until suffocation brought them out of their very clever bottles....then there was BUD TURNBULL as a drunk with high silk hat, tails, lamp post and minus his pants.....



....BEA SLAVIN as the cutest blue bunny.....RALPH WETZEL and JOHN LATIMER as a very clever pair of dice....SY KATZ as a Roman soldier etc. There were door prizes, too. Did BETTE ALTER ever catch that pig? There was good dancin' music by the Tilton Tunesters and everyone hated to see one o'clock roll around.....How about it, gang?

That beautiful gal on this month's Red Book cover and this week's cover of Life is none other than CARMEL FITZGERALD GRANTHAM, wife of Captain GRANTHAM our Neurosurgeon.

We hate to see "BLIMP" CLAGETT and BILL COOPER leave us to join the "Fightin' 90th". They'd better have a lot of ice cream freezers to keep "BLIMP'S" morale up.

EARL SAXE hit a different kind of jackpot — the payoff-FIVE wards! What is this we hear about ROSEMARY FREDIANI being Assistant Chief of the Neuropsychiatric Section.

So long for now,

"DOC" DUCK

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## "FANCY THAT" HERE NOV. 24TH.

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Fancy That! The name of the next stage show to appear here is "FANCY THAT". One of the new musical revues now being added to the USO\*CAMP SHOWS repertoire, this production will be staged in the Patients' Recreation Hall on Wed. evening, 24 November 1943. There will be two performances: at 6:30 P.M. and 8:00 P.M.



According to advance reports, "FANCY THAT" is the revue we've been waiting for. It carries an eye-filling package of talent and is rated as one of the year's best vaudeville shows. Music that makes the whole house jump is embellished with slick chick dancers and velvet-voiced vocalists. Thrills and surprises are provided by novelty acts and eccentric funsters carry on with rapid-fire ad-libbing and hilarious situations. "Fancy That" is all "click" and adds up to a solid hour of entertainment.

Being a new production the names of the performers have not reached us in time for this edition but the acts will be announced individually from the stage.

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SOLDIERS NO WANT TO 'PLAY BALL' AT 6 AM Ft. Custer, Mich. (CNS) — Miffed because some of his charges failed to turn out for pre-breakfast drill, Sgt. Bill Rowe posted this notice:

"All members of this organization will fall out for morning drill at 6 AM. Cooperation is necessary. If you men will play ball with me I will play ball with you."

Later in the day someone scribbled this appendix to the sergeant's note: "We would like to cooperate, sergeant, but 6 AM is one hell of a time to play ball."

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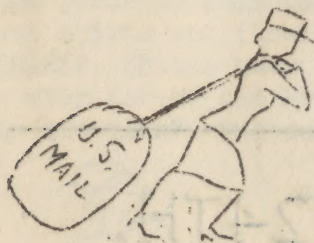




## THE WAC ROUND-UP

Pvt. Mary Edwards of the Laboratory, recently entertained her husband, Sgt. Bill Edwards of Camp Traux, Wisconsin, here at TGH. When they were having dinner one night in the Mess Hall, the Mess Sgt. permitted Mary to have her husband sit on the WAC side of the dining room. Seeing one man there gave one of the girls, Pvt. Dorothea Drew, O.R., the idea that she might have one of her friends, (male) also sit on the coveted side. The Mess Sgt. approached her, and stammeringly stated, "You've got to be married before he can sit here." He moved. The moral of this story is to have dinner with a man, and still be a WAC, a marriage license is sound investment.

Pvt. Joyce Johnson contemplates spending her furlough in the 'Oriole City'-Baltimore, Md. Her Mother came, all the way from Salt Lake City, Utah, to spend it with her.



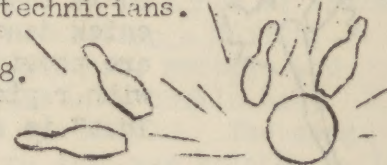
Pvt. Frankie Beaman, and a few of the other damsels of Barracks 8, had a wonderful time at a party given by the cadre on the 8th of this month. She had quite a time getting up in the morning, but after a hard fight, she managed to find her way to the Plans and Training Office. Frankie is soon leaving to spend a furlough at her home in Des Moines, Iowa.

What WAC finds torment in the title of "Postal Packin' Mama?"

Sgt. Mary Raney proudly wears a bracelet of sky blue and gold, given to her by a certain well-known Staff Sergeant.

There are five new members to the WAC Medical Detachment now. They are Pvt's Virginia Whipple, Julia Sims, Betty Morch, Ruby Morse, Catherine Moody and Mary Cowan. Virginia Whipple just completed basic training, at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.; Julia Sims is a recent Administrative Specialist School graduate, and Betty Morch, Ruby Morse, Catherine Moody and Mary Cowan were graduated from the Army-Navy General Hospital at Hot Springs, Arkansas, as medical and surgical technicians.

Pfc Myrna Smetzer is the bowling champion of Barracks 8. T/5 Golda Blumberg, and Pvt. Helen LoBello are working hard to put an ex before that championship title!



SOLDIER FLIES TO WEDDING OF BROTHER-ALMOST: Denver, Col. (CNS)-Pfc Stan Greenspan got a 48 hour pass to attend his brother's wedding in New York. He caught a bomber at Lowry Field which took him to Wichita, Kan. Then he air-hiked to Kansas City and shunted to Chicago. There he was advised to give Salt Lake City a try. After a 24-hour stopover in Utah, Greenspan caught a bomber ride back to Denver arriving just as his pass expired.

LAFF 'O THE WEEK: New York (CNS)-Despite War Department Regulations against civilians wearing Army insignia a gal turned up at her office here wearing two officer's silver bars on her sweater. A friend asked her if her boy friend was a captain. "Oh no," she replied, "Two lieutenants."





For Men Only





"MISS" YAEGER



"WEDNESDAY NIGHT"  
MS DANIEL

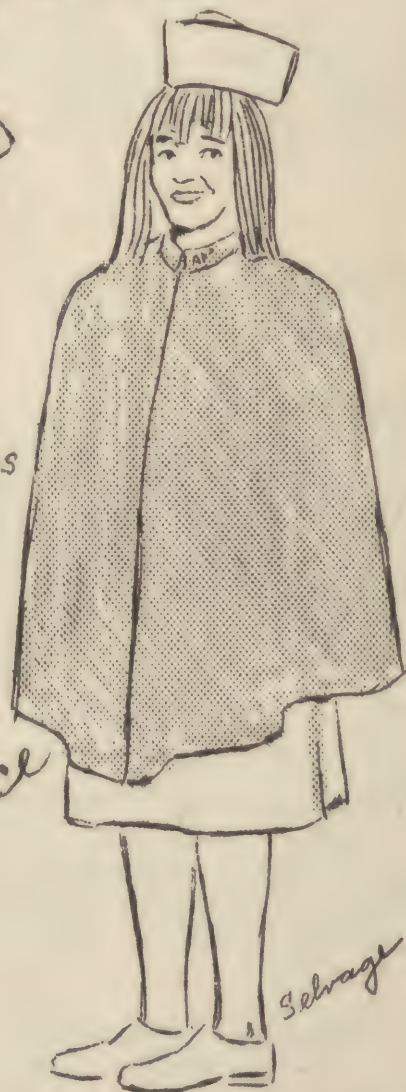


"LATRINE RUMOR" FRIEDBERG



"MORTIMER SNERD" SACHS

*G.I. Costumes  
at the  
Halloween Dance*



*Selvage*

IRVING FEINGOLD, A.N.C.



# HERE AND THERE AROUND

# TILTON

THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOU or A WORD TO THE WISE: We see by the papers that military police on the West Coast have been instructed to arrest soldiers who fail to salute commissioned officers. The orders were issued as a result of many complaints, so the moral is—don't forget that "highball" soldier.

\* \* \* \* \*

INAGAIN OUTAGAIN: Barely finishing a week at Tilton, the men newly arrived from Camp Grant, Ill., were transferred to the 90th General Hospital, together with these Tiltonians: Sgt. Jack Cohen, T/4 Lou Brigliad-oro, Cpl. Mickey Marione, T/5 Tom Marlow, Pfc. Jim Skaperdas, Pvt. Neil F. Meagher, Pvt. Len Migdal, and Pvt. Henry Singer. Good luck, fellows; see you around.

OUTAGAIN INAGAIN: The end of last month saw the following arrive from the 4204 SCSU at City College of New York to be attached unassigned at TGH: Pvts. Peter J. Marchisello, Frederick C. Wood, Robert F. Gomprecht, Gordon Saver, Robert J. Walsh, Thomas R. Maloney and Joseph M. Smoot.

THE DISCIPLE: We felt that it was about time that a little mention was made of Pvt. Joe Rozof. Joe is one of 1st Sgt. "Mac" McCarroll's quieter aides...but very efficient indeed. In his wilder hours, Joe plunks the bass in the TGH orchestra, and we have it on good authority that he is some plunker indeed!



BURSAR: TGH officers paying their mess bills this month were a bit overawed by the imposing sign which T/5 Simon Morris works behind..Reading "Bursar," it has had the effect of lending an air of financial respectability to all monetary transactions taking place in the mess office. But confidently, we still are wondering whattheheck it means!

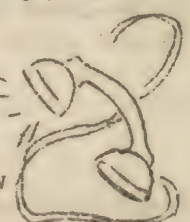
DUTY PATIENTS: Attached to our own 1257 SCSU this month were the following patients, all previously Infantry or Field Artillery unassigned: Sgt. John J. Han-

vey, Cpl. Sidney E. Schattner, Cpl. John W. Wallace, Pfc. Joseph I. Harrington, Pfc John J. Valentic, Pfc. Frederick H. Winter, Pvt. Louis H. Seltman, Pvt. Fritz Suesse, and Pvt. Stanley J. Stankiewicz.

SLICKER: It seems that Pvt. Will Sauter, got the bright but not original idea of having his dogtags silver plated. So he sent them away to have the job done. But it so happened that while he was sans dogtags, Capt. Rubin Miller had his turn as AOD. Knowing his boss's zeal for dogtag display, Sauter decided that he dare not take a chance. So....he managed to obtain a pair of blanks and was wearing them at the time of Capt. Miller's tour through Barrack #1 (it was raining that day). But the sad (?) ending is this: Captain Miller didn't hold a dogtag showdown that day!



THE RUNAROUND: The big question around TGH these days is: how does Pfc Murray Eder manage to keep his bulk while running his noontime marathon? To the uninitiated, the aforementioned marathon consists of answering all the telephones in Headquarters between 1200 and 1300., when Murray is "Pfc-in-charge-of Hqs"... all by his lonesome. And if you know the volume of business that Headquarters handles over the phone, you can appreciate his plight. Rumor has it that Murray will be relieved from drilling in view of the prodigious amount of exercise he gets in this manner. Poor, little boy!



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# Leaves from a Notebook

S/SGT. ALFRED CIABURRI

## memos of a tiltonighter...

Major John R. Baldes- off to Kansas and the Command Gen Staff School... The new Adjutant: Lt. E. A. Howard... Lt. Harry A. Yeaton- showing soldiers how it is done- on the drill field... M/Sgt. Bill Lavery- back from furlough, and looking better than ever... Don Okragly, the Mr Sergeant- telling his friends that "whispers" is his favorite column... Capt. Jack Messey, Det CO, at a recent party- surrounded by WACs who were rearin' to dance... Miss Penny Henon- still our favorite gal--- learning to walk 'round her daddy's desk last Fri. afternoon... Sgt. Max H. Kirchner- superbaking for Sgt. Fred White and his cadre' buddies... S/Sgt. Andy Caetta- making plans (but very secretly) for him and his gal... Pfc Dick Juday- reading from the New Testament, while waiting for retreat... Sgt. Jack Schwartzner, the Tilton Maestro- trying out talent for a Tilton musicale... The grim warning to drivers: It's better to stop a minute than forever...

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Mrs. Ruth Schreiner, wife of Lt. Walter S.- and their seven-week-old baby: Karen Linn- here for a visit from Hartford, Conn. The Red Cross gals, we heard quite a thrill taking care of the baby while the Schreiners went to dinner.... For whom the wedding bells will toll on 21 November: Sgt. William C. Norvell, of the Post Office, and Miss Elina Lemmo, of Bronx, NY... Reception: Bronx Post Hall, 280 East 161st Street- Bx NY... Whatever happened to the Med Supply Quartet of Congell, De roto, Feldman, Gordon?... Is Staff Sergeant Bob Yaeger-- who is very quiet, keeping his romantic venture very quiet?... 'Ginger' McDaniel, Tilton artists' model, posing for Simon Morris and Al Schreiner at the Service Club... Lt. and Mrs. Joel Male (he was in charge of the Surgical Serv here before going to OCS) announce the birth of a baby boy; his name: Robert Charles Male... Loads of luck!!... From the song: "I heard you cried last night - and I know why... I heard you cried last night - and so did I"....

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November 19th marks the eightieth anniversary of the Gettysburg National Cemetery Dedication (1863)... It was then that Abe Lincoln made that immortal speech... "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us - that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion"... -... and Thanksgiving which rolls around on the 25th, reminds us to be thankful for the blessings received - throughout the year, and to pray for the preservation of the ideals and freedoms which have made AMERICA great- and which in time to come will pave the way when the lights go on again all over the world...

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Tiltonesque: The training program for the enlisted man ea. wk... The display of name plates on each desk in warehouse one... The sweet potato plant in the kitchen of ward 7 grown in a glass bowl by Pfc Flo Van Amber... The USO shows- always entertaining... Officers, nurses, soldiers, WACs, on the drill field--- AMERICA at war-- and at its best....



T/Sgt. Harold Weingarten, of hq. who titled Mrs. S. Jay Turnbull's new song: "Give the heart you broke a break" - has a sequel to it: "The heart you broke is mending now"... Happy Birthday greetings to Sgt. John Witko, of the MPs... What's the attraction in Ward 10 accounting for Sgt. Chas. Schmidt's frequent visits?... Postal Packin' Margie Ryan, and Cpl Cyril A. Smith, of the X-ray-- a very very interesting item... 'Smithy'- it seems- is x-rayed by the office staff who find plenty of lipstick on his whites... Sgt. John Holzapfel, a familiar figure with the eternal pipe- away on furlough... Another of the 'old' timers to get out: S/Sgt. Bill Hampe... From the lab. & Sgt. Yaeger comes the report that the white mice are rapidly taking care of new generations... A TGH visitor: S/Sgt. Evan E. Singer, from Woodrow Wilson Gen Hosp... Letter in from Chap George D. Lessley-- who writes that all is well at his new post... The signs around the area: "You've got what it takes, soldier! Now- take care of what you've got!!"...

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Another visitor: Mrs. E. A. Howard- recently a patient here, and looking all right... Carolyn Tatum, who married Bill Martin (he worked in CM office here) announces the birth of a baby girl: Carol Sue... Cpl Albert Fels has a 'swell' phone number but not enough what-have-you to use it... Who was so generous as to put two bits in the 'Idea for Victory' box by the Info. desk? (It's gone now----- don't rush!!)... Sgts Louis Sachs & Irving Feingold; Cpls Bea J. Friedberg and Ruth McDaniel wish to thank Capt Betto Alter, MAC Det CO, thru this column- for the wonderful time they had following their prize winning.. at the Halloween dance... Two Med Supply soldiers leave here at the same time- most nightly to keep a date at 11 PM: one in Mount Holly- the other in Phila... Pfc John Kelly contributed the following: "I want to be where you is - instead of where I be - 'Cause when I are where you are not - It ain't no place for me--- I used to think this world was great - But now I know it isn't - For you has gone to where I ain't - and left me where you isn't"...

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First Sgt. A. F. De Poto from overseas (he's the brother of Pfc Louis De Poto) wrote an interesting article "A Soldier Pauses" for Plastimes... The Sgt. pauses to reminisce: "Probably the most nostalgic moment came on Christmas Eve -- a whiteless Christmas miles and miles from home... A few of us tried to sing carols None of us were up to it, and our attempts were feeble and half hearted. We were satisfied listening to a recording of "Adoro Fideles" and "Silent Night" sung by Frances Langford... The battered phonograph which we had purchased in Honolulu in more lush days was a godsend... You wondered how the choir sounded at St. Stephen's"... The Sgt. urges civ. to BUY MORE BONDS: "You are the soldiers whose glory lies not in headlines, but in silent achievement on the home fronts... You- the peoples of AMERICA - are the ones to whom we pray to return"...

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Promotions: To Captain: Lt. Tom Pugh (he was noncom in charge of Surg. O. before OCS)... To First Lt: Herbie Rosenfeld (he was in CM here and a member of TT staff)... Congratulations!! -Mail in from S/Sgt. Aurelio MG Coltri... S/Sgt Geo Orenblum... Lt. T N Wright... Lt. Ed Schutt... and Jim Quagliozzi, now a Sergeant... Sgt. Dick Mantel says he will make an announcement momentarily.... Sgt. Tom Bender to be married Dec. 18th... Bob Hays, recently discharged, wants to be remembered to his friends here; said it was nice being at TGH.... Pfc Thurston Smith MP, was the best 'shot' on the range the other day; Cpl Nat Vendelippe, best of noncoms... Capt. Frank Smith & Lt. Bernard Klein: ill... Don't forget to BUY MORE BONDS..... From our scrapbook: A wolf is a man after all.....



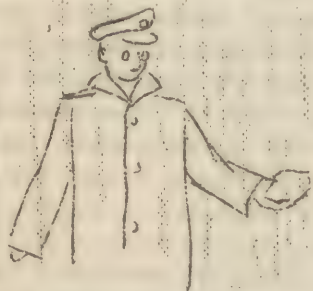


# WHISPERS

BY SGT. EDDIE JUDGE

The "Shindig" of the first half of the month was the Cadre' Party given by "White's Whelps" at an inn near the Post Monday evening, November 8th.... The Fellers in the Cadre' chipped in to throw the party and you can believe it was a "humdinger".... Captain Jack Messey, Det. C.O., was guest of honor.

BOKAYS & BRIKBATZ.... So many things happened it was hard to keep track of 'em all, and since everyone had such a swell time; if we've missed anything fo'give us...Was Wac Meg Ryan's face red when out of a clear sky and seemingly from nowhere a voice said, "Ah, Ah! Stop looking in doors, please?"



Carroll Doll looked like Diogenes and his lamp walking around the parking lot in the rain, with a piece of cake wrapped in a napkin, and slightly confused as to which car he was to go back to camp in....

WAC "Frankie" Beaman did her best to help Doll get lost...What were you doing with two overcoats over your arm, Frankie???.....

Captain Messey was his usual genial self, and very much in evidence as the genial host.....Wonder how the Captain would look without his cigar?.....

WAC Dot Manthorne was bemoaning the fact that she held on to her slice of cake all evening, and then lost it...Rain does funny things to cake, Dottie!.....

Cute trick Fred White pulled on a group of fellers clamoring for a dance from one of the girls...Just pushed his way through them and started to explain the proper way to begin a rumba, and politely "rumba'd" off with the girl!....

Can't figure what page this routine is on, but Jim Walsh looked "deep into the eyes" of WAC "Brownie" LoBello....with his nose flush up against hers...Doesn't make sense, does it?.....

Wonder why Bob Blanks doesn't pick someone his size to dance with?.....Bob always seems to wind up with the "tall chicks"....

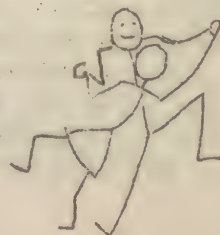
George Cragg was wandering around in a daze the next day, but no one was surprised....George warned ail and sundry that he wasn't used to late hours any more..

Nick Potenza managed to be his usual "pesty", but good-natured self, by cutting in on everyone.....

What fountain do you drink from, Mike McCarroll?.....You get younger by the hour at these parties, and some of us "young 'uns" would like to know the secret for our later years...

Yahoo!!.....That wasn't a whirlwind tearing around the floor... Just Zeina Chrisman and Bill Moore doing a fast one-step.....

One of the high-lights of the evening was the "unveiling" of





the cake baked in the Detachment Mess, and inscribed, "Good Luck to Whitey And the Boys".....

George (What Became of Annie) Moore requested a Virginia Reel, but when it was played, the "reel" he dreamed up was the weirdest whirl every seen this side of "Cloud No. 9".....

Clarence (Call Me Joe) Allshouse fluffed off the girls and did a jitterbug with August Cervetto.....Suh-Wish!!!.....

Don't know whether it was because Mickey Dion was so small, or her partner too tall, but it looked as though the guy was doing a solo from the rear view.....

Consensus of opinion was....."Terrific!....."

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Received a letter from Bill Jackson from Africa....Thought many of Bill's friends here and overseas on our mailing list would like to know where he is and how he's doin'....Bill says in part, "You no doubt wonder what prompted me to write this letter; well, here it is. I have met Johnny the Jeep and Danny Valeri here in Africa, and today Johnny brought me the September issue of "Tilton Talk." Gee! It was swell to read the old magazine again! I had often thought of you and what you were doing, and whether you were still at Tilton, when lo and behold! Up loomed the famous (sic) "Whisper" page.....

From all reports and from reading TT I can imagine that I would be greatly startled at the changes in Tilton if I happened to walk in there right now. All this stuff about the WACs being there sounds too darn nice.... Listen, Eddie, would I be asking too much to ask you to send me a copy of "Tilton Talk" each month? There are still 31 of the boys from Tilton who would love it, too...And believe me when I say that if every soldier was trained at Tilton, this army (especially the Medical soldiers) would be 100% better, because if there ever was a swell Post, Tilton was it!!....

Bill tells us that he is now the proud Dad of a six-month old son, whom he hasn't seen yet, except from pictures which his wife, Elsie, sends him....So from all of us here, Bill congratulations to you, and best of luck to you and the "Tilton Alumni" over there, and when this mess is over may we all be able to get together and have a bang-up reunion....G'bye for now.....

Don't forget the next U.S.O. Show, "FANCY THAT" in the Rec. Hall, Wednesday, November 24. Two shows: Patients - 6:30 P.M. and Detachments 8:00 P.M.

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LAFF OF THE WEEK - (CNS) - A young lieutenant, assigned to a new job at an Air Forces school, noticed that his secretary's telephone rang every morning about 11:45. She would answer, glance at the clock, announce the time and hang up. One day he asked who it was that called.

"I don't know," the girl said, "I never thought to ask. They call and ask the time and I give it to them."

The officer told her to check. Next day the girl questioned the caller.

"Its the base fire department. They want to know the time so they can blow the noon siren."

"Well how do you know our clock is right?" he asked.

"I don't--anymore," she said. "I've always checked it against the noon siren."

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# THE MEDICAL LIBRARY *T/4 ISABELLE HARRIS*

In 1765, John Morgan wrote in his DISCOURSE UPON THE INSTITUTION OF MEDICAL SCHOOLS IN AMERICA, "Perhaps the Physicians of Philadelphia touched with generous sentiments of regard for the rising generation and the manifest advantages accruing to the College thereby, would spare some useful books or contribute somewhat as a foundation on which we might begin." This is probably the earliest record of library "begging" in America.

The Medical Library here at TGH has the foundation, however. Standard texts stand at attention on the narrow shelves. Medical Journals march in alphabetical order across the room.

But we are "begging" individual officers to help build the library's resources. Instead of that article on VITALLIUM TUBES, for example, landing in the medical officer's waste-basket, a simple re-routing of it to the Medical Library might increase the knowledge of some young surgeon or clear up a point that had puzzled a veteran."

Reprints on all subjects from any publication will be welcomed at the Medical Library to compensate for earlier issues not in the periodical collection, or to provide a more convenient method of loaning specific articles. Pharmaceutical and Laboratory companies often distribute material that could be used for displays or exhibits if the officers who receive them would send them to the library.

The entire aim and only excuse for the existence of any library is to collect and preserve one of the greatest gifts man has--the record of great minds.

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## P A T I E N T S' R E C R E A T I O N H A L L

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Monday	Nov. 15	Movies: "Hers to Hold" -Hall	5:45 & 7:30
		"All by Myself"-Wards	5:45 & 7:30
Tuesday	Nov. 16	U.S.O. Variety Show	7:30
Wednesday	Nov. 17	Movies: "Holy Matrimony"-Hall	5:45 & 7:30
		"Birth of the Blues"-Ward	5:45 & 7:30
Thursday	Nov. 18	Sisters and Sweethearts of Servicemen	7:00
Friday	Nov. 19	High School Jazz Band	7:00
Saturday	Nov. 20	Games	7:00
Sunday	Nov. 21	Veterans of Foreign Wars Auxiliary-afternoon Tea	4:00
Monday	Nov. 22	Movies: "Thank Your Lucky Stars" -Hall	5:45 & 7:30
		"Follow the Band"	5:45 & 7:30
Tuesday	Nov. 23	Play by Princeton Players	7:15
Wednesday	Nov. 24	Movies: "Claudia"-Hall	2:30
		"Kiss the Boys Good-bye"-Ward	5:45 & 7:30
		U.S.O. Show-"Fancy That"-Hall	6:30 & 8:00
Thursday	Nov. 25	To be announced	
Friday	Nov. 26	Philadelphia Council of Defense-Hall	7:15
Saturday	Nov. 27	American Legion Post 93-Entertainment	7:15
Sunday	Nov. 28	United Mothers' Service Club Clementon	3:00 & 8:00
		Refreshments and Entertainment	
Monday	Nov. 29	Movies: "Hit the Ice & Screwball" Hall	5:45 & 7:30
		"Devil and Miss Jones" Wards	5:45 & 7:30
Tuesday	Nov. 30	U.S.O. Variety Show-Hall	7:30

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# "YANK" SPONSORS G.I. PHOTO CONTEST FOR ALL TROOPS IN U.S.

New York:---Polish up those lenses and start clicking, all you GIs who have a weakness for snapshotting. YANK, The Army Weekly, is offering every enlisted man or woman within the Continental limits of the U.S. a chance to win a \$25.00 War Bond for the best Camp News Photo.

The first announcement of the contest, which will appear in the Nov. 26 issue of YANK, sets forth the following rules:

There will be two \$25.00 bonds awarded, one for each of these classes: CLASS 1--Enlisted members of the Armed Forces in the U.S. who are assigned to photography sections as part of their regular military or naval duty. CLASS 2--All other enlisted members of the Armed Forces in the U.S.

Entries should bear the name, rank, and organization of the contestant, should be cleared through the Post Public Relations Office. They must be addressed to Camp News Picture Contest Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N.Y. Captions explaining the subject in detail should accompany each entry.

Contest opens Nov. 26, closes midnight, December 31, 1943. All entries must be postmarked on or before the latter date. Judges will be members of the YANK staff.

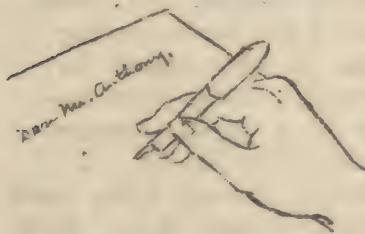
Here's a chance to get your name and your camp in the official Army mag, YANK. Read the full details in the Camp News section of YANK and start clicking with this big Camp News Photo Contest.

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## "WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?"

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New York:---In current issues of YANK, The Army Weekly, considerable space has been devoted to the special feature, "What's Your Problem?" This column reprints letters from servicemen in all parts of the world and answers their questions on personal problems involving taxes, dependency allotments, OCS, various military regulations and other matters of vital concern to men in the armed forces.



The YANK staff has attached increased importance to this feature because of the large volume of mail on the subject received at the publication headquarters.

Servicemen with unusual problems are urged to contact YANK, 205 E. 42d Street, New York 17, N.Y., since members of the staff have been assigned to do a thorough job of research on questions submitted, and authoritative answers are invariably given.

"What's Your Problem?" is of interest to others who may have similar difficulties or questions. Complete answers, containing valuable information for all members of the armed forces, are printed beneath each letter.





## G.I. SIDELIGHTS

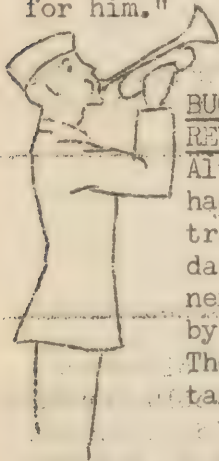


**WAVE PACKS CHUTE FOR FIANCE'S JUMP:** Lakehurst, N. J. (CNS)- Marjorie Reinhardt, a parachute rigger third class for the WAVES, packed a parachute for her fiance, Pvt. Bill Bentley, a rigger instructor for the Marines, who was making a 2,000-foot jump with a squad of trainees.

After Bentley had completed his successful jump, Marjorie rushed right up and gave him a healthy kiss.

**GEN. MARSHALL CAUGHT SALUTING WITH PALM OUT:** Washington (CNS)-Soldiers around town are one up on Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff. A magazine recently published a picture of Gen. Marshall saluting with his palm out.

Soldiers caught saluting in this manner might get company punishment, but most yard-birds in the Washington area were inclined to go easy on the General. "If he does it," they reasoned, it's okay for him."



**BUGLER PLAYS TAPS RIGHT AFTER REVEILLE:** Camp Pickett, Va. (CNS) Although a commanding officer had promised his soldiers an extra hour of sleep after a camp dance they were awakened the next morning at the usual time by a bugler's raucous reveille. The bugler, advised of his mistake, immediately sounded taps.

**CENSORS WILL STOP ADDING HUMOR AND STUFF TO MAIL:** Washington, (CNS)-Military censors have no right to add their comments-even if they are funny-to the mail they examine, the War Department has ruled. Soldiers detecting any written comment on mail they receive are requested to report it to the Adjutant General.

**WACS NAME FEMAIL ORDERLY:** Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo. (CNS)-WACs here call their mail orderly, "Postal Packin' Mamma."

**NEW CREAM PROTECTS TANK MEN FROM BURNS:** Ft. Knox, Ky. (CNS)- A new cream has been developed which gives almost 100% protection against flash burns up to nearly 1,000° C., the Armored Force Command here has announced. It is expected that the cream will be especially effective in tank forces where burns account for 1/3 of all casualties.

**SPORT SLANTS:** (CNS)- The Philadelphia Phillies have signed Al Verdel, a 22-year-old right handed pitcher, recently discharged from the Army at Ft. Dix, New Jersey. Verdel won 36, lost 6, for Ft. Dix last summer.

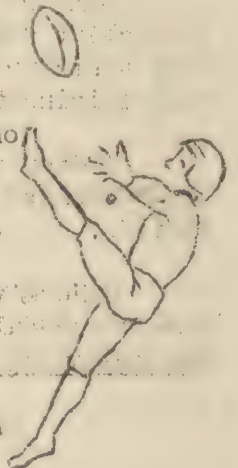
Although they're not playing much football right now, the PTs in the Solomons have some men who used to play a lot of it. They could scare up a backfield of Byron (Whizzer) White, All-American from Colorado; Bill Sangster of USC; Red McLean, SMU and New York Giants star, and Al Snowball of Amherst, all stationed in the area.

Pvt. Townsend Walter (Timmy) Hoopes, Captain of the Yale football team, has been transferred in mid-season to Parris Island for training with the Marines.

Those performing Baers, Sgt. Max and Sgt. Buddy, who have been giving boxing instructions at Army camps in the West and Southwest, have been assigned permanently to a serv. command headquarters at Patterson Field, O.

T/5 Wallace Hopp, former Neb. back is stationed at Camp Kilmer, N.J. He's the brother of Johnny Hopp, St. Louis Cardinals' outfielder and Harry Hopp, Detroit Lions' fullback.

The Lakehurst (N.J.) Naval Air Station has come up with an all-around star in Ensign Bob Titchenal, formerly of the Washington Redskins. Titchenal plays 60-min. football, alternating at end, center and fullback.





# The Chaplain's Corner

Did you know? The Chaplain heard a member of the armed services say, "I don't know how to pray."

Perhaps like a great many others, he associated prayer with a formal pronouncement, sort of a first cousin to a sermon, only said in church, and in a strange language not used every day,--and so he said he hadn't prayed. He did not have the knack for that kind of talk.

Today we are all face to face with a big job--a job that's too big for our own brawn and brain alone. We all feel we need help and so with the soldier, we are getting around to prayer.

What is prayer? Prayer is the heart's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed. By that definition you don't have to be an orator or a scholar, or even a loud talker to bring your message to the Infinite. Spiritual sincerity is the thing that weighs your prayer with your God. The very fact that "you feel like praying" gives you a conversational approach to your God. Use that approach with reverence and humility.

One other thing. Don't reserve your prayers for those times you are in a tight spot. In other words, just for those times when you want something. That is hardly playing fair with God. By such action you appear interested in Him only for what you can get out of Him. By such action He becomes only a celestial servant. That trend of thought is definitely selfish.

Your Chaplain suggests you pray often. Pray when you're in trouble? By all means. You will need no urging at these times. But pray also and thank God for the many blessings He has given you. You will find that prayer can do things to a man as well as for him.

Count your blessings, one by one,  
And you will see the blessings that the Lord hath done.

For Meditation and Prayer, the Chapel is open every day from 6:30 AM to 5:00PM.

The Chaplains offer their pastoral cooperation in every possible way. Their offices are located in the rear part of the Chapel. Telephone Extension 7.

FREDERICK C. FROMHAGEN  
Lt. Col. Chaplain

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## TILTON CHAPEL SCHEDULE CATHOLIC

Daily Mass.....	4:15 PM
Confessions.....	Saturday from 4-5:15PM
Sunday Mass.....	6:15-9:00AM

## PROTESTANT

Sunday, Divine Worship.....	10:00AM
Thursday, Evening Song Service.....	7:45PM

## JEWISH

Friday, Worship Service.....	5:45PM
Tuesday, Forum.....	7:30PM

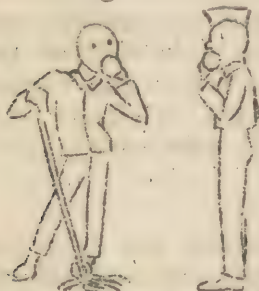


# PVT. WILLIE ELLIS AND THE "T.O."

BY PVT. ARTHUR R. POSNER

It was Wednesday night and when I strolled into Detachment Mess to check some figures, a forlorn figure hunched over a mop called to me with delight in his voice. Yes, it was Pvt. Willie Ellis, eager to take a break and blow the breeze a bit.

In answer to my unspoken question Willie stated "Yep, they got me on emergency tonight and d'ya think I could pull some soft job such as runner? Nah, I even call up Sgt. Sachs, the CQ, early in the day just as soon as the list goes up, but he gently informs me that the runner's job has been spoken for already by T/5 Sammy Cohen. So with me own particular brand of luck I pulls the messiest job of the lot. ....right here cleaning up for inspection."



Totally unaware of his horrible pun (did you get it?) Willie ransacked his fatigue pockets and pulled out a couple of apples. As we munched lustily away, the character in charge that night known as "The Greek" passed by and gave Willie a long, hard, dirty look. Willie unconcernedly kept on eating with relish and whispered, "It's only when he starts to yell, that I haveta jump on the ball again." I nodded wisely, for how well I knew!

After another moment of reflection, Willie turned to me and asked, "Say, Art, what is a Pfc anyways?"

The question caught me totally unprepared, and completely off balance. After a bit of cautious rumination I said, "Well, Willie, there are some who will tell you it stands for Poor Foolish Civilian. But in the broader sense in the army it's the next grade above private and entitles one to wear a single chevron."

"Well," cries Willie, "why ain't I a Pfc then? I been in the army six months now and been a pretty good soldier. Why ain't I a Pfc then?"

To say the least, I was nonplussed. This had the makings of an evening-long discussion. But after glancing sadly and briefly at my own bare, unadorned sleeve, I made an attempt to explain that went something like this:

"You see, Willie, first of all there is something called the 'T.O.'"...but Willie interrupted with the cry, "Oh, I know what that is...something like 'TS' only worse, ain't it?"

I kept my emotions rigidly in check and gently told Willie that yes, it was something like TS, and then explained to him the true setup of the T.O. "So you see, "I finished, "There are just so many ratings to go around, and if they're all filled, there isn't much you can do about it-until a break comes along."

Willie's head sank lower as he pondered this sorry twist of fate. Then with a deep sigh he said, "Well, Art, if it's gotta be, it's gotta be. Anyhow I don't have to worry about being busted!" And Willie chuckled with glee to think that he had perhaps put something over on the Army.

But he didn't chuckle for long. For just then the long arm of The Greek reached over and grabbed Willie about the neck. Like a sheep led to the slaughter, Willie was propelled over to the waxing machine.

Continued on next page.



Continued

I left at that point, for the uncomfortable thought came to my mind that I was on emergency the following night. Say, maybe if I hurried over to see the CQ, Sgt. Isaacs, perhaps I could grab that runner's job before.....

# LIBRARY NOTES

BY HELEN Z. DETWEILER

The month of November is associated with Election Day, Armistice Day and Thanksgiving Day. Each holiday has a distinctive meaning, and distinguishing celebration. The excitement and the public spirit of an election day shifts to the patriotism and the solemnity of Armistice Day and the reverence and thoughts of home and of Thanksgiving. This year, more than ever, these meanings are truly evaluated, with a different feeling for each, by every American citizen. Whether our thoughts are abroad or home for these days, they can always be directed to profitable and pleasant thinking through books.

The library has recently added the following titles. Some of the books are now on the shelves. Reserves are always accepted for any title.

## FICTION

Du Maurier	Hungry Hill
Beals	Dawn Over the Amazon
Queen	Female of the Species
Tarkington	Kate Fennigate
Kellan	Sugar Foot
Hathaway	The Little Locksmith
Weidman	The Lights Around the Shore

## NON-FICTION

Schuster	Treasury of the World's Great Letters
Addams	Drawn and Quartered
Kieran	Poems I Remember
Leonard	I Flew for China
Ingersoll	The Battle is the Pay Off
Dickinson	The Flying Guns

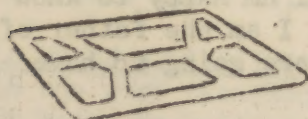
\* \* \* \* \*

Will the person who borrowed "MOTHER RUSSIA" from the library without having the book charged, please return it at once!

CLEAN PLATE POLICY SAVES \$83,767 IN FOOD: Washington (CNS)-One American Infantry Division has saved \$83,767.25 in five months by food conservation measures, the War Department has disclosed.

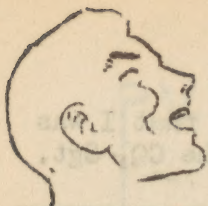
To achieve this saving, mess officers instituted a "clean plate policy" in division mess halls, conducting rigid and continuous inspections and impressing upon enlisted men the idea that food is vital to victory.

Neither the quality nor quantity of the food was sacrificed, the War Department emphasized, but waste was eliminated by the inspection system and "clean plate policy. Troops were instructed to take all they could eat---but to eat all they took.



GI NEEDS MORE INSTRUCTION: New Guinea (CNS)-S/Sgt. Howard Ostler of Chelsea, Mass. shot down two Jap planes in a raid over Wewak. He returned to his base and found a notice directing him to report to the range next day, to qualify as a gunner.





# HUMOR FROM OTHER POSTS

Henry: Shoot me a dollar. Fade me,  
somebody, fade me!

Foo : Fade you! Black boy,--you is  
bleached.

A shoulder strap is a piece of ribbon  
placed to keep an attraction from be-  
coming a sensation.

Miss Jones approached a floorwalker and  
asked, "Do you have notions on this  
floor?"

The floorwalker looked her over and then  
remarked, "Yes, madam, but we have to sur-  
press them during business hours."

-Medic

\*\*\*

She: Good night, dear.

He : It sure was.

A soldier at the USO was dancing with a  
plump girl. Struggling through the dance  
she winced as he trod on her toe. "Why  
don't you put your foot where it belongs?"  
sarcastically murmured the 'blimp'. He  
rejoined, "Don't tempt me, girly, don't  
tempt me."

"TILTON TALK" wonders if you heard of the  
absent-minded sculptor who put his model  
to bed and chisled on his wife.

Two psychiatrists met on the street. In  
greeting, one said, "You're fine. How  
am I?"

-Muzzle Blast

\*\*\*

The old fashioned girl took two drinks  
and went out like a light.

The modern girl takes two drinks and  
turns out the light.

Pvt: Gosh, I've been out every night  
this week.

Sgt: Yeah? How can you afford it?

He: Everytime I kiss you I become a  
better man.

She: Well, you don't have to become an  
angel tonight, do you?

-Borden News

Is it true that married men live long-  
er than single ones?

No. It only seems longer.

1st WAC: How comes she's marrying an  
X-Ray Technician?

2nd WAC: He's the only one who could  
see anything in her.

M/Sgt: How was the steak cooked?

Mess Sgt: Smothered in onions.

M/Sgt: Well it died hard.

-Beaumont Weekly

\*\*\*

I met a girl named Passion

I asked her for a date;

And when I bought her dinner-

Gee Whiz! How Passion ate!

A bachelor is a fellow who, when he  
walks on the floor at night with a  
baby,--is only dancing.

Father: Daughter, who was that sailor  
I saw you kissing last night?

Daughter: What time was it?

-Habit

\*\*\*

Love is like a film--it has to be dev-  
eloped in a dark room.

A hostess by the name of Henrietta  
Paraded about in a tight sweater

Three reasons she had;

To keep warm wasn't bad-

The other two reasons were better.

Proud parent on meeting the new first  
grade teacher: "I am happy to know  
you, Miss Perkins, I am the father of  
the two twins you are going to have  
next September."

A chiropractor is a guy who gets paid  
for the same thing you guys get slapped  
for.

-Hammond Rx





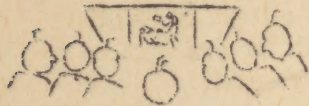
# RED CROSS NEWS

BY MISS THELMA OLSEN

## SILVER STARS DECORATE MAROON BATHROBES:

In a very impressive ceremony in the Patients' Recreation Hall, many witnessed the awarding of Silver Stars to Pvt. Edwin C. Hylton, Ward 10, and Cpl George Thomas, Ward 5, for gallantry in action. The awards were presented and pinned on their robes by Col. S. Jay Turnbull, Commanding Officer, TGH, assisted by Lt. Col. Henry A. Cotton. (See story on other page.)

## TELEVISION SET FOR TGH PATIENTS:



A beautiful television and radio set donated by N.B.C., wins wide popularity among the patients in the Recreation Hall. About 100 patients are able to watch a program at the same time, so regular television programs are to be scheduled weekly.

## MONTE CARLO AND ROULETTE--FOR FUN:

Hamilton Township Police Reserves and Auxiliary helped patients win "a quarter of a million dollars" in an evening!!----With "fun money"----plenty of food and punch; the party was a huge success. An electric shaver was the first prize of the evening; shaving kits were the second and third. "Fun money" and wits shifted from conservatism to sheer rashness as the wheel spun! The party closed with a review and jive session by the visiting orchestra!

## PATIENT STUNT NIGHT PROVIDES LAUGHS FOR ALL:

In the last two weeks ambitious patients have planned and directed two evenings of fun for other patients. Songs from groups as well as soloists, banjos and guitars, skits that dealt with subjects ranging from ward troubles to menu difficulties with flirtatious waiters, filled the evenings with jokes in which the patients laughed at themselves as well as at others.



## USO SHOW BRINGS SLAP-HAPPY WIT:

With beautiful girls to sing and dance; slap-happy girls to tumble around and turn up smiling, and Jack Leonard as master of ceremonies, a real treat was brought to TGH patients. And by the way, have you seen the elephant lately?

## LEATHER CRAFT HITS NEW HIGH IN WARDS AND REC. HALL:

Christmas time is surely coming and patients are cleverly making their own Xmas gifts. The Gray Ladies have prepared a sample gift board, to take into the wards, showing many possible gifts that can easily be made....Belts, wallets, bookmarks, coin purses, key rings, puff cases, picture frames, dog tags, scarves, Xmas cards, jewelry etc. It's a busy time.....

## DOLL HOUSE STATISTICS:

With the roof finished, wall paper on, electric lights and plumbing installed-the doll house is being speedily completed. Furniture making is now in process and the kitchen is causing most of the perplexed expressions on the faces of the patients who are making the furniture.

This beautiful white modern doll house is being built by patients in the Red Cross Recreation Hall for the benefit of the Orthopaedic Hospital for crippled children in Trenton.



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